

THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT,

A Weekly Democratic Journal, devoted to

Local and General News,

Literature,

Agriculture,

And Politics,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Established in 1868.

The Seventh Volume will be commenced January 1st, 1874. Neither price nor expense will be spared to make it pleasing, and worthy of the patronage of the public. As a Local paper it is thoroughly identified with the interests of the people among whom it is situated, and will always be found advocating and defending whatever will most conduce to the welfare and benefit of those people. To this end correspondence on local subjects, especially on Fruit Growing and Agriculture generally, is cordially and earnestly invited, as well as communications giving the current (local news) of the times, and such other matters of interest.

Politics.

In politics the Transcript is Democratic, and devoted to the success of that party, but so far independent that it will never advocate or support measures that are manifestly erroneous, at the dictate of party rulers, but will ever pursue that course which most clearly points to the right. What it believes to be wrong it will condemn, and what it regards as right it will uphold. It cringes for no favors and fears no frowns.

News and Literature.

All the news of the day, necessarily condensed, will be found in its columns. To the local department the utmost care is given, in order to make it as acceptable and interesting a home paper as possible. It is full of entertaining and interesting reading matter of every kind, and containing nothing that can offend the most delicate and scrupulous taste. The best stories and romances of current literature are carefully selected and legibly printed in its columns, and the freshest and most instructive articles on Agriculture appear in that department.

Special attention is paid to reporting the current market prices of country produce and grain.

Job Printing.

This department is under the management of a skilful and practical printer, and is second to none on the Peninsula for workmanship, prices and style of execution. Our office being furnished with Hand and Power Presses, and a large stock of new Job Type of various styles, we are fully prepared to print promptly on call, for cash,

Sale Bills, Programmes, Cards, Dodgers, Legal Blanks, Business Cards, Cheques, Funeral Notices, Statements, Tags, Invitations, Posters, Circulars, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Officers' Blanks, Blank Notes, Receipts, Bill Heads, Visiting Cards, Labels, (ready gummed,) Etc.

A supply of Printers' Stationery, suited to the wants of the public, always on hand. Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, Contractors, and all other business men accommodated, cheap and quick, with anything in our line.

Plain and Ornamental Printing of all kinds done in any color, or variety of colors, when desired. We can and will fill all orders given us as speedily, promptly, neatly and cheaply, for cash, as can be done at any other office on the Peninsula.

Advertising.

Located at the head of the great Peach Growing District of Delaware and Maryland, through which it has a widely extended circulation, it affords unequalled facilities as an advertising medium, of which business men show liberally their appreciation. Its extensive circulation among agriculturists and fruit growers make it a most excellent medium for the advertising of Real Estate. Our prices in this department are as low as the lowest.

Terms.

The subscription price is \$2.00 per annum, in advance. A liberal discount will be made to clubs.

Magazines.—To persons who wish to subscribe to any of the popular literary magazines, we are enabled to offer special advantages, viz: *Reveries Monthly*, \$4.00, and the *Transcript*, \$3.00, will be furnished for \$4.75 per annum, cash in advance.

Harper's Monthly, *Weekly*, or *Daily*, and *Transcript* at the same rate.

The *St. Nicholas*, \$3.00, a magazine for youth of both sexes, and *Transcript* for \$3.75.

Wood's Household Magazine, with the chromo "Yosemite," and *Transcript* for \$3.50.

Other magazines in like ratio.

We will also offer as a premium a year's subscription to the *Atlantic*, universally acknowledged to be the handsomest magazine in the world, for ten new subscribers.

For twenty new subscribers we will give a copy of Webster or Worcester's standard unabridged Dictionary.

Special.

To make our prices correspond with the tightness of the money market we will give a discount on our regular rates for advertising and job work, which will be as low as can be done elsewhere, of 10 per cent. for cash in advance.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.

The postage of the public is solicited.

POSTAGE PREPAID.—On every subscription sent in advance, before the first of January, we will prepay the postage.

E. REYNOLDS,

Printer and Proprietor.

Select Poetry.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

Oh, the winter winds blew chilly through the long and dreary night,
But the Christmas bells rang gaily in the gray, dim morning light.
In the moonlight cold and sparkling gleamed the white and drifted snow,
But the morning sunlight blended with the hearth-fire's cheery glow.

Chime, chime; merrily chime,
Bells of the holy Christmas time;
Wake with your music the echoes that sleep
Where the gray mountains their solemn watch keep.
Ring out our gladness o'er hillside and main;
Ring out the New Year bells echo the strain;
Till for the Old Year's record of wrong,
Wait for its losses in agonized song;
Chant a glad psalm for victories won,
And an anthem of hope for the days that will come.

Flash, ruddy fires, in your roscate light,
Weave us fair pictures of memory bright;
Golden and warm let the embers burn,
As the pages of Memory's tablets we turn.

Some of the pages are blotted with sin,
Wrong has been wrought since the Old Year came in,
Evil been done since the last Christmas-time,
Hands then unspotted are crimsoned with crime.
Hearts have grown colder to truth and to love,
Battered for trifles their brightness above,
Tear-sprinkled pages, that whisper of loss—
Of wearing the thorn-crown and bearing the cross.

Pages o'er which bitter tears have been wept;
Pages on which the glad sunshine has slept—
Pages so precious, the wealth of the seas
Never would tempt us to parting with these.

Deck the walls with green holly!
Heap still more the Christmas fires!
Build your castles in the embers,
Glowing turrets, flaming spires!

Bring the gifts of love and friendship,
True heart-tokens let them be,
One and all, with joyous faces,
Gather round our Christmas tree.

'Tis the birthday of the Christ-child,
For his sake we keep our feast,
They that seek shall surely find him,
Lo! his star is in the East!

—Alice M. Guernsey.

Select Story.

ALICE GREYSON'S PERIL.

A Story of the American Revolution.

"It is useless to urge your suit, Lieutenant Mortimer," said Alice Grayson.
"And why useless?" asked the young officer, fixing his gaze earnestly upon the face of his companion.

"If there were no other reason," said Alice, "this one is sufficient. You are an English officer, and have taken up arms against my country."

"I am an English officer, it is true; but I am no more the enemy of America than is the physician the enemy of his patient when he applies the lancet for his good."

"Your words are not even specious, Lieut. Mortimer. America is no patient and the physician may wait till she summons him to her assistance."

"I am sorry you sympathize with the ragged rebels, Miss Grayson. Why, I am told, the army under Washington are most of them barefooted, and look as if they had just come out of a rag-bag. I fancy your fastidious taste would hardly sustain the sight of such a motley crew."

"You may ridicule them, if you like, Mr. Mortimer," said the young lady, proudly. "As for me, I am ready to acknowledge that I honor them for the sacrifices they have made for their country. Do you think they go in rags, or shoeless, from choice? No; they have given up the comforts of home, and bear without murmuring the privations of camp life, on account of their devotion to the holy cause of liberty. O, I wish I wore a man!"

"And if you were, Miss Grayson?" said Lieut. Mortimer, as he gazed admiringly at the flushed face of the beautiful girl, unconsciously more beautiful for the enthusiasm that glowed in her eyes, and lighted up her speaking countenance. "And if you were, what would you do?"

"What would I do? I would join these same ragged soldiers, of whom you speak so contemptuously, Lieut. Mortimer," she answered promptly.

"Then I am glad you are not a man," "On that point we do not agree."

"But my main reason I have not mentioned. If you were a man, you would not have the same attraction in my eyes."

"You had better forget all that."

"On my soul! I cannot do it. Surely you will give me a little hope? You will not be so cruel as to refuse that?"

"I do not blingly give you, but I must tell you frankly that I shall never love you with all my heart, mind, and strength."

"I do not blingly give you, but I must tell you frankly that I shall never love you with all my heart, mind, and strength."

"I cannot take no for an answer. I am willing to wait."

"And what do you expect from waiting?" asked the young lady, quietly.

"I expect that the rebel horde—I beg pardon—I mean the band of mistaken patriots will discern their folly, and lay down their arms in loyal submission to King George. Then your feelings will change towards those whose duty requires them to assist in suppressing the insurrection, and you will feel disposed to view my petition more favorably."

"Do not flatter yourself that such will be the case," said Alice. "It will never be. Nor will you find the insurrection, as you call it, so easily subdued."

"On this point, fair lady, suffer me to disagree with you at present," and the young officer raised his hat. "I regret that duty compels me to forego the pleasant privilege of remaining with you longer. Adieu, or rather au revoir."

As he mounted his horse and rode away Alice gravely inclined her head, but did not answer his farewell. In truth she was angry with him for having spoken so contemptuously of the brave men with whom she sympathized most heartily, and perhaps not the less because there was a certain young soldier in Washington's army, for whom she cherished an affection which more than anything else threatened disappointment to the hope of the young English officer.

Her eyes were bent thoughtfully upon the ground after his departure, and accidentally her glance rested on a fluttering white paper, which appeared to contain writing of some kind. She walked forward, and picking it up read as follows:

"LIEUTENANT MORTIMER:—I am willing to assist you in capturing the fair rebel, who, it appears, has charmed your fancy. When she is a prisoner, she will be less obdurate in her refusal of your suit."

JOHN TEMPLETON.

The eyes of Alice Grayson flashed with indignation as she read this note. She knew that the John Templeton, who had written this letter was a British Colonel, in command of a detachment stationed near, and she understood the plot had been contrived by Lieut. Mortimer.

"So he expects to gain me by such means," she said to herself, indignantly. "It is infamous! But how," she thought, "shall I guard against the danger? My father, and old Jacob is too decrepit to resist a detachment of soldiers. He would probably be frightened out of his senses. I wish I knew what their plans are."

"As she spoke she turned the paper, and saw some lines written on the other side. These she eagerly read, and found them to be as follows:

P. S.—I can let you have a dozen men on Thursday evening for your expedition, unless the young lady should previously smile upon your suit."

"Thursday evening," repeated Alice, "to-day is Tuesday. That gives me some time for preparation. I wish James would call this evening. I could then consult with him."

James Simpson, a captain in the American army, was the one to whom Alice had plighted her troth. He was in camp two miles away, and she knew no other way of reaching him, except by riding over to the American camp herself. But this would be attended with danger. As she was deliberating a young man in the dress of a British officer rode up to the gate. She was at first startled, but looking closer discerned that it was the young man for whose presence she was so anxious. But how came he in the dress of a British officer? Could he have deserted the cause of his country?

The young man read her thoughts, and smiled.

"Have you no welcome for me, Alice?" he asked.

"Surely, James, you have not joined the king's troops?"

"I hope you don't suspect that."

"Then, what means this uniform?"

"It is assumed from prudence. The roads are beset by the enemy's forces, and it is to pass in safety, and conceal my real character that I have for the time being assumed this dress."

"I am so glad to see you, James."

"Come, that is pleasant, Alice. So I am welcome," and the young man gazed fondly on her.

"Always welcome, James. You have just come in time to advise me in a matter of importance."

"Then I am very glad I am here. Tell me what it is."

which revealed the plot he had formed against her.

Capt. Simpson listened in stern silence. "The infamous coward!" he exclaimed, "to hatch such a plot against a defenceless woman! But he will not find you defenceless. But you are sure you have no interest in him, Alice?"

There was a shade of anxiety in his tone, as he asked this question.

She met his gaze frankly.

"Surely you are not jealous of him, James," she said.

"Forgive me, Alice," he said, "but I love you so dearly, that I tremble continually lest my treasure should be snatched from me."

"You need not fear this man, James—or any one else," she added.

Half an hour afterwards Captain Simpson rode away from the gate, having reassured the mind of Alice, and decided on a plan for her protection against the danger which threatened her.

As he rode along, he suddenly fell in with an older officer, clothed likewise in the uniform of the British army.

"Halt, comrade!" he called out, "whether are you bound?"

"On a secret mission for the general," said Simpson promptly.

"What is your name and regiment?" asked the first.

"Nay, I have equal right to put the question to you."

"I have no objection to answering. I am Captain Habersham, of the 10th Regiment."

"And I am Lieutenant Fairfax, of the 12th," said Simpson, at random.

Luckily for him, there was a Lieutenant Fairfax in the 12th or 13th Regiment.

Captain Habersham did not remember which, and not knowing his personal appearance, he judged that this might be the one. So his suspicions were at once allayed, and he said, "Well, Lieutenant, I wish you success."

"Thank you, Captain," said Simpson, and touching his hat, he rode away.

On Thursday evening, Alice Grayson sat, very nervous, in one of the front rooms of her father's house, awaiting the approach of the British soldiers. By her side sat Simpson.

"Are you afraid, Alice?" he asked.

"I wish it was over," she said.

"You do not fear that I will not protect you?"

"No, James, but scenes like these are terrible to a woman's heart."

"We will capture the whole, unless there are more than twelve," said her lover. "It will be something of a surprise for them, I am thinking."

"They are coming, James," said Alice, suddenly, for she had been looking from the window.

Then I must place myself in concealment. Keep up your courage, Alice."

He then withdrew into the next room, which was at the rear of the house, and from which he could give orders to his men, whom he had posted behind, but so that they would be concealed from view of those who were advancing up the road.

Three minutes later Lieut. Mortimer rode up to the front gate, and dismounting walked up the path, and entered the house without knocking.

"Lieutenant Mortimer," said Alice, rising to her feet.

"Yes, Alice, it is I."

"And what is your errand?" she asked.

"Can you ask?" he said. "I have come for you, Alice."

"I don't understand you," she said quietly, though her heart beat with excitement.

"Then I must explain. When I was here last you would not listen to my suit."

before doubles the number of Federal troops, ten of the latter, however, remaining to sustain their leader.

"What do you say to that?" he asked. "I am trapped!" said Mortimer, sullenly. "I must surrender."

"It will be best," said Simpson, coolly. "Allow me, however, to restore you a letter which you dropped on Monday."

The young officer's countenance reddened with mortification, when he recognized the letter.

Little more remains to be told. Lieutenant Mortimer was finally exchanged, and, tired of the service, sold his commission and went home. Captain Simpson (a colonel at the close of the war) married Alice, and both lived for many years happy in their mutual affection.

The Profits of Ashes.

It is an open question with many whether the use of common ashes will pay on the farm. As bearing upon this, a correspondent sends the *Rural Home* these facts:

"During the year 1857, a man named Arthur Degan went to the town of Palermo, Oswego county this State, and bought sixty acres of light, sandy land, with here and there a little pertaining to gravel. He paid \$1,800 for it. He knew nothing about farming, being a machinist by trade, and never held a plow. After paying for his land, he found he had \$200 left. He began, and found his land worn out. His first crops were wheat, five bushels per acre; rye, eight bushels; potatoes, seventy-five; corn, mere nothing. The second year was even worse. He had to hire part of his sheep pastured over; he could not hold his own. But being a man of excellent judgment, and a great reader, his good judgment aided by theories, carried him through. He began by buying ashes and plaster; would draw potatoes fourteen miles to Oswego, and load his team back with manure from the livery stables. His crops increased. His ashes were spread correspondingly thick. He raised principally potatoes and wheat. Now 2,000 bushels of ashes per year is about what he buys. His potatoes, for several years past average 250 bushels per acre; his winter wheat, thirty bushels and over; and he has saved, from his farm, till he now holds \$12,000 in bank stock, and would not sell his farm for \$100 per acre. He sold, in 1860, of potatoes and wheat, over \$2,300 worth. He is known as the best farmer in this county. Yet when he began buying ashes, old farmers shook their heads and said: 'He will know better when he has farmed it as much as we have.'"

"Farewell, Eyes."

A Worcester oculist was called upon by a tough old customer of sixty, whose eyes showed plainly brandy and water was no stranger to him, and his breath corroborated painfully the statement of his eyes. The doctor examined him and suggested that ardent spirits might have something to do with his condition.

"Oh, no," said the old fellow, "I don't drink enough to hurt anybody. I take something stimulative when I get up, and then again just before breakfast, then only once at eleven o'clock, and a little dose before and after dinner to help digestion; don't take anything more till four o'clock, and only a little more before and after supper and just before I go to bed."

"That all?" said the doctor.

"Never take anything more unless somebody asks me," said the man.

"Well sir," said the doctor, "I think I can cure your eyes, but it will be necessary for you to leave of drinking entirely."

"What," said he in amazement, "Can't I take just a little?"

"No, sir; not a drop, and if you do not leave off drinking you are liable to become blind."

"Then farewell, eyes," said the old toper, as he seized his hat and made for the door, evidently afraid the doctor would prescribe for him before he could get out.

HE WANTS CERTAIN ABOUT IT.—One of the most popular steamboat captains in Mobile is Capt. Owen Finnegan.—Another equally popular man, a good fellow, but in "hard luck" (an ex-Confederate Colonel), was accosted on the street by a stranger with the inquiry if he was Owen Finnegan?

"Well, I swear," says the Colonel, "I owe most everybody in Mobile but I don't think I owe Finnegan anything."

"Oh, George, your sister is a nice girl, but she does dress up her head so!"

"Yes," said George; but it's the fashion—there's nothing in it, you know."

Select Poetry.

CHRISTMAS.

BY GEORGE WINTERS.

This poem, written nearly three hundred years ago, abounds in picturesque passages, and in allusions to the customs of the olden time.

So now has come our joyous feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round our foreheads garlands twine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens their with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

New every lad in wondrous trim
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you, anon, shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now their sparing shun;
Their balls of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
For all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With showdy-mattress out of France;
And Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his lands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Briek Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn,
With drippings of the royal.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With caps to make their errands;
And if they hap to fall of these,
They plague them with their warrants;
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take, nor fear,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor fears away his cares,
And for a time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat
Why should we pine, or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow? care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! how the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling,
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the lower depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

Then, therefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelay,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And while we thus in spirit sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring,
Words and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

For the Middletown Transcript.

Good-Bye.

It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Icy hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part and are on the ocean of time—we go to meet again—where? God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never! Take care that your good bye be not a cold one—it may be the last one you can give. Ere you meet your friend again, Death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips forever. Ah! he may have died thinking you loved him not. Again it may be a long separation. Friends crowd on and give you their hands. How do you detect in each good bye the love that lingers there; and how may you bear with you the memory of these parting words for many days? We must often separate—Tear not yourself away with a careless boldness that defies all love, but make your words linger—give your heart full utterance—and if tears fall, what of it. Tears are not unmanly.

M. W. C.

Can't think of anything good to say of a person you don't like? Nonsense. Take the case of a house or a horse which you have to sell because you don't like it, and how much may be truthfully said in its favor in an advertisement!

A young man met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to annoy him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," said the other, "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Christmas in Spain.

There is no civilized country so quick in which children are not made happy by the promise of the coming Christmas. But in every country the festival is called by a different name, and its prevailing genius is painted with a different costume and manner. You know all about our jolly Dutch Santa Clause, with his shaggy, twinkling eyes, his frosty beard, his ruddy face and the bag of treasures with which he comes tumbling down the chimney; while his team of reindeer snort and stamp on the icy roof. The English Christmas is equally well-known, and the wonders of the German miracle-tree, the first of which no child ever forgets. But you are, perhaps, not so familiar with the spirit of the blessed season of advent in Southern Europe, and so I will tell you some of the pleasures and fancies of the Spanish Christmas.

The good cheer which it brings everywhere is especially evident in Spain. They are a frugal people; and many a good Spanish family is supported by less than the waste of a household on Murray

**Model of the World's Fair, London, England,
the highest Prizes in this country secured.
Dec. 12th, 1873—Smes.**

FOR RENT, FOR NEXT YEAR

A Two-Story Brick HOUSE with a Kitchen and a good fire-place, in the town of Orono, ME. For terms apply to A. F. CHASE, of Orono, or ALVAN C. STURGEON, of Bangor, Me.

